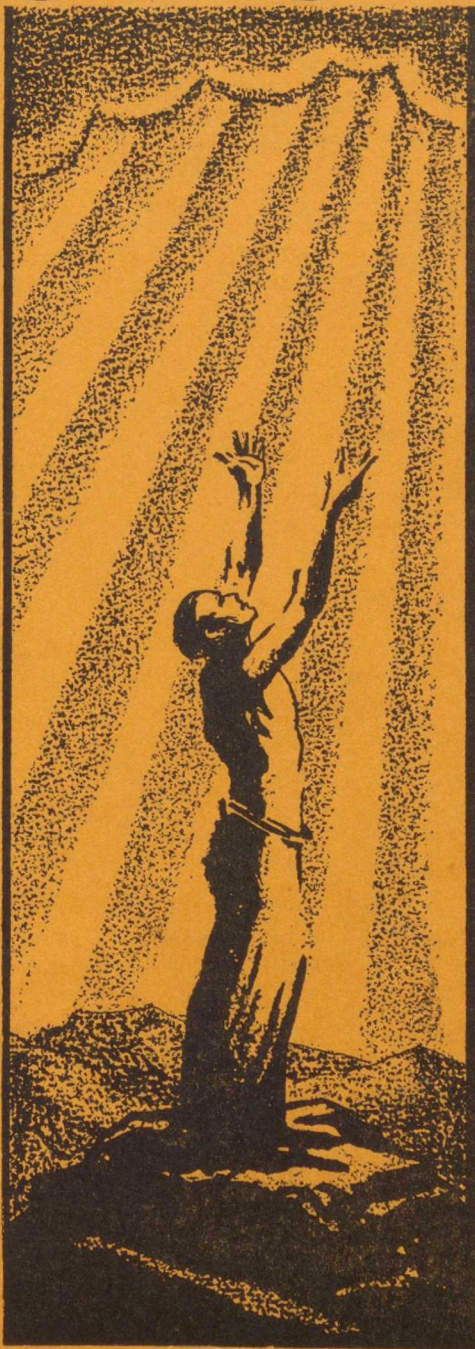


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"PSYCHIANA"

Monthly
25c



In this Issue:

RESTING IN GOD



FALLING GODS



LIFE AND DEATH



WALKING WITH GOD



A BITTER PILL



THIS
CHRISTLESS WORLD

and many other inspiring and
hard-hitting articles from the
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October, 1931

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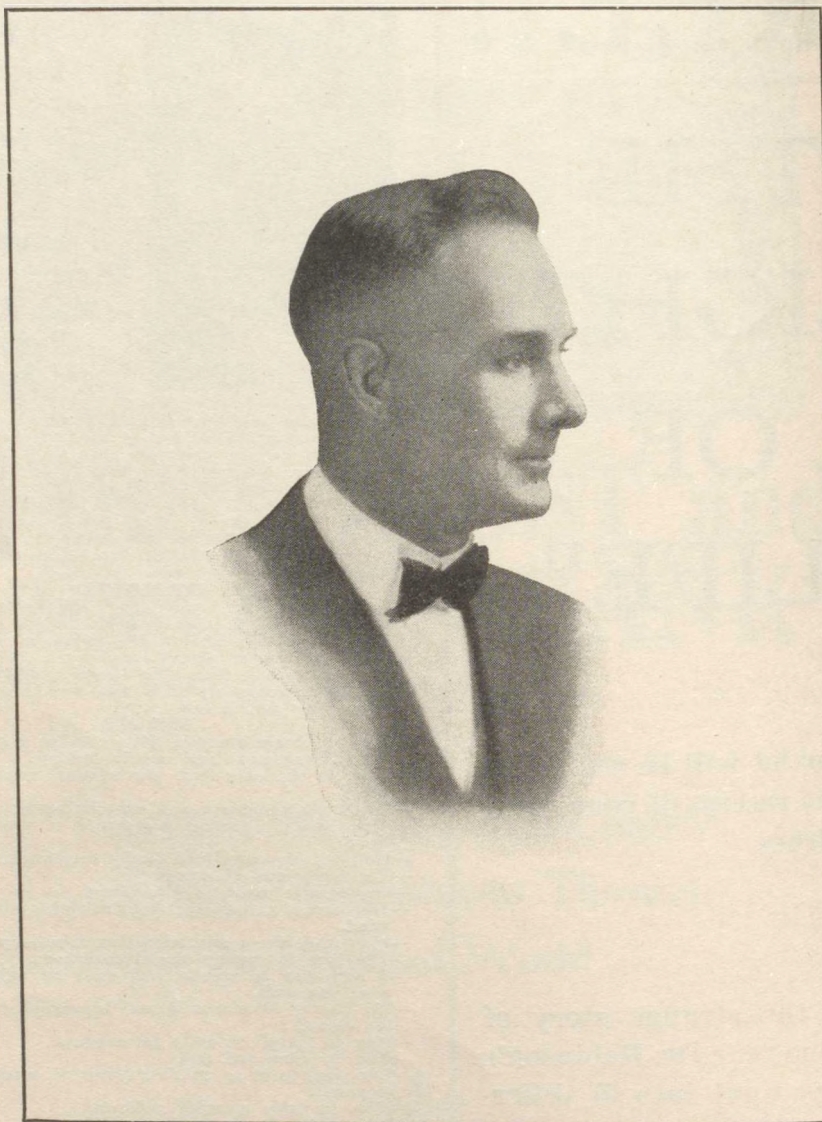
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CIRCULATION

The remarkable growth of "PSYCHIANA" and the demands of our students have brought this magazine into being. Just as soon as humanly possible this magazine will appear on the news-stands nationally. We welcome constructive suggestions and want to be of real service to all in showing what we believe to be the truths of God. (Not the church god but the Living God.)

VISITORS

Please do not come to Moscow to see Dr. Robinson unless you have an appointment made beforehand. This will save possible disappointment. The subscription price of this magazine is 25c a copy and \$2.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions \$3.50. All Dr. Robinson's works except magazine articles appearing in the national monthlies, may be obtained from us.

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RESTING IN GOD

"Art thou weary—art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to me' saith One, and, coming,
'Be at rest.'"—Quoted.

This is written at the close of a busy Monday. We answered scores of letters from our students and then sped into Spokane for our regular Monday night broadcast. On the way home we felt like pulling off the highway onto a side road, and here we are. The little portable typewriter is on our knee and the car light is turned on. The words of the above beautiful hymn have been running through our ears for the past hour, so we want to just be still in the presence of God for a little while. Often do we pull aside from the busy cares of life, and, all alone under the starry vault, we just sit and rest—secure in the knowledge of His presence and power. For we know that moment by moment, this mighty Life Spirit is part of us. We feel oftentimes His power. We many times feel ourselves drawn aside, and it seems to us that in such moments we hear His voice saying to us "Go ye apart for a little while." And we go.

Possibly there may be a little physical reaction with us tonight. It may be that the cares and worries of a busy business are pressing rather heavily upon us. It may be that some of the more thoughtless of our students have neglected to remember their obligations to us, and although we never worry very much, still it may be that we feel somewhat the limitations of the flesh this night—and so—as we always do—we "go to our Father" and talk to Him about it. For we are a little weary sure enough. But we know, ere long has passed, we shall start our journey home again, refreshed and filled with the living Spirit of the Living God. And the chances are many to one that every verse of this good old hymn will be sung by us many times before our car reaches Moscow. And that is the point I want to drive home to my students and readers. Amongst all the cares and worries of a very busy life—even when the future seems not so bright—even when others by the hundred are crowding round to have their own troubles alleviated—even then, in the very midst of all the cares, turmoils, and

labors of life, a trusting soul can ever be in His presence.

The trusting soul can, in a moment, just direct his or her thoughts to the great Father-Heart, and from that Source can come instantly, a peace this old world knows nothing about. A rest which none can possibly know unless they have learned the secret of resting on His bosom. "Art thou weary?"—yes Father, we are a little bit weary tonight. "Art thou languid?"—yes Father, we are a little bit languid tonight. "Art thou sore oppressed?"—yes Father, we are a little sore oppressed tonight. "Well—come to Me" saith One—and coming, *be at rest*. And so we come. And here, in the stillness, under these wonderful pines, we stay. We rest. We do not utter a single syllable. Not an audible prayer ever leaves our lips, either now or any other time. We are quiet in this presence—very quiet. The desire of our soul is for closer communion with Him. For a closer walk with Him. For a fresh vision of His face—His beauty—His omnipotence—and here, in the stillness of the night—we find it.

Maybe my thousands of students, many of whom have been tossing restlessly on the stormy bosom of life's ocean, will catch a little glimpse of God through this little article. Maybe many of them will find the secret of communion with God. Many of them will learn the lesson I try so hard to teach—the lesson of a quiet, smiling rest and confidence.

For when a soul is in tune with the mighty God-Law of the universe, there can be nothing but peace. All without may be stormy, but inside, where God is, there is only the sweet consciousness of His presence. And this Presence is more to be desired than anything this old world has to offer. And, contrary to general opinion, this peace is not hard to find. It's oftentimes missed by its very nearness. For it would be impossible for you or I to take one more breath without Him. Not even a little sparrow can fall to the ground without Him. So how can you get away from His power. You can't. You just simply won't realize it, that's all. You probably have been taught to look for some mythical god in the sky,

whose power and brightness you cannot know till under the sod.

Well, don't believe that any more. Try and grasp the picture of this mighty Life Spirit so close that you cannot get away from Him even if you wanted to. For when that secret is learned, you have no more secrets to learn. What He doth know now, we shortly shall know. So learn the secret well of abiding in His presence.

"If I ask him to receive me,

"Will He say me 'nay?'"

"Not till earth, and not till heaven

"Pass away."

And that will never happen. It isn't so much a case of asking Him to receive as it is a case of acknowledging His presence and taking from Him the desired things. What would be the sense of asking a father to take his own child. There is no need of cringing, howling repentance. Nor is there any need of any supernatural experience called "conversion." That is pagan superstition. That is what the church will tell you. But it is false. Surely the power that sustains us, the power that made us, is enough interested in us to keep us, think you not? I think so. And if you and I will but recognize His presence in the life, all around us, moment by moment, and if we will but lean on that presence, then shall we know all of God that we are capable of knowing. Many people write me saying, "My—you must be a fearless man to go after the churches the way you do." Yes, I am fearless, but it is not the fearlessness of the braggard or the hair-brained fanatic. No. None of that. But it is the fearlessness of the soul that just simply knows God—that's all. For under all the heavy fights in which I engage with

those who would stop our activities, under all that, I feel only as a little child. Were this not so, my car would not now be parked under the heavens, and I should not be communing with God.

For there is no enmity in my heart at all. I love everyone. I love those stars. I love God. I love life. And those who would condemn would do well to bide their time a little while, and see if there does not come from my movement, one of the greatest revelations from God this world has ever seen. For it is coming. It will upset all the preconceived "church" ideas of God. But then, that's only natural. Man is climbing up from the lower heights to the higher. He is evolving slowly but surely. And somewhere, at the end of the evolution, lies God—the full knowledge of God. And I suppose these spurious imitations of God have to be before the true light can break. So, while many times the burden presses a little, and while many times we wish that our work had been given to someone else to do, yet—we are happy, for under it all we know the power in whom we believe. And we are satisfied. For the Light leads. The night is oftentimes dark, and we are oftentimes far from home, but the Light leads. And all we ever ask to see is the next step. We are not interested in one year ahead. We are very much interested in the next step. One step is enough for us. For a journey is but composed of many steps. So if each step is made with Him, then the journey will be successful.

"If I find Him, if I follow,

"Is He *sure* to bless?"

"Angels, saints, apostles, martyrs,

"Answer—Y-E-S."

FALLING GODS

From time immemorial, and as far back as history can trace, the world has been the dwelling place of gods galore. And invariably they all fall flat and are discovered to be nothing more than priest and preacher-made objects, never having had any real existence at all. But there has been a lot of them to be sure. God after God, God after God. Sometimes the god of one age changes himself into the devil of the next

age, as is the case with the present god the church has gotten itself hold of. It has ever been a mystery to me where some of these old pagan gods came from, and it still is somewhat of a mystery how so many people hang onto the old fellow (Yah-veh) that they have today. I have an idea, however, that this present one has about outlived his usefulness. For people are slowly—yes, very slowly, but very surely passing

up this old pagan monster, and with the passing they are beginning to get a glimpse of what might prove to be the answer to the entire question of God.

For there isn't any question in my mind but what this country as a whole utterly discards anything and everything that prating parson and pious priest tells it. True, they hold their membership, but the fact that day by day, year by year, the church structure is dying on its feet, is absolute evidence that its claims are no more being believed. Those having a "religious streak" in their make-up naturally hold their affiliations with the pagan institution, and they will for some years to come. But that sort sooner or later will die off, and then the story will be different. Priestly power, and all the other supposed powers of "the church" are getting pretty well passe nowadays, and even children before their teens are doubting the existence of any being "up in the sky" including "heaven," and most certainly including "hell." A few weeks ago we passed through Pasco, Washington. We stopped at a service station to have a tire repaired. A group of small boys were playing near a fountain by the corner of the garage, and, in their childish manner were holding their fingers over the water pipe, and squirting the water up into the air. I watched them amusedly for a while, perhaps wishing that I were that age once more. However, soon Satan appeared. A Catholic priest hove into view, and, although it was none of his business at all, he remonstrated with these boys, and endeavored to have them leave the fountain alone. The boys began to snicker, however, and the pious agent of God raised in the air his first two fingers, saying, "Boys—boys—the father is speaking—you must pay attention." At which the boys snickered some more.

I stood this about as long as I could stand it, and finally injected myself into the argument. Addressing the holy "father" I said: "Did it ever occur to you that these boys might not recognize you as any 'father'?—about the best thing you can do is to go on about your business and leave these boys alone." To which his "holiness" replied, "I am a father of the holy church and it is my business to check mischief wherever I see it." To which in turn I replied, "Well, I am an American citizen, and if you pester these boys once more, you'll find yourself

flat on your back on the sidewalk." Sizing me up physically, the "holy father" evidently thought that possibly what I had told him might be true, for he stuck his tail between his legs and vanished. The little fellows thanked me, and came round me holding my hand. I gave them a quarter to buy candy with and all was peace and happiness when I hit the road back for Moscow. If that "holy father" had had his way, however, these little fellows, with untold futures, would have had their day spoiled, and through an agent of god.

There has been something on my mind for some time regarding the influence of the "holy fathers" in America. And I might as well get it off right now. We have a student in one of the large American Post-Offices. He is studying with us. Some time ago he wrote us, asking that our lessons be mailed to him in a plain wrapper. Here are his words—"There are 2200 employees in this Post-Office, and 2100 of them are Catholics. Life is hell among them at best, and I am weary of fighting. *So please send my lessons in the future to me in a plain wrapper.*" Which of course we did. It's come to a pretty pass in America however when an American citizen, employed by Uncle Sam, *has to have his mail sent to him in a plain wrapper, if it be of a religious nature, to be sure of getting it.* President Hoover should know of this case. So also should the Masonic order. The post-office in question is a very large one, and it is only respect for our student's job that stops me from telling both the name of the student and the post-office. The local postmaster here in Moscow, Mr. Homer Estes, has seen the original letter, and he stated to me that he absolutely wouldn't have believed it. So you Masons—get busy. Don't be holding too many dances with the K. C.'s but get on the job back east, and see whether or not we have to endure such a condition as the above. For never you fear—if the government of this country ever gets into the hands of any of these old "Yah-veh worshiping" heathens, the sword and the fagot will be used again, just as it was with the thumbscrew and the rack—and *not two hundred years ago either.* That's one result of belief in god—that is, the church god. Thank heaven however, we do not believe that such a time will ever come in the U. S. A., but one can never

tell. What I am saying is that if ever the opportunity for such came, the church would grab that opportunity so fast it would make your head swim.

This world is going through a transitional period now. It's in a critical condition. And if those fellows over in Europe who are so honorably trying to straighten the kinks out—if those fellows have good luck—we may enter upon a period of unparalleled peace and prosperity. It would be a miracle though. But it might happen, and I am praying and working that it shall happen. For this old "god" of the church is about to be classed amongst the rest of the legion of fallen gods. Which takes me right back to where I started to write. It's funny how I go off at a tangent while writing. But we usually get down something interesting, judging from the letters we receive about this magazine.

God after god. They blaze across the horizon for a short while and then down they go—into oblivion. First there came the old "tree-god." This old fellow had his say, and then it was discovered that after all these old trees were just plain trees. Then the sun. That ball of fire came in for its "divinity" too, but finally it was discovered that the purpose of the sun is not to be worshipped. And it too went into the limbo of past gods. Then we had old Ishwar, Creator of Heaven and Earth. This fellow gave us the phallic worship and for a time this was all the rage. His followers wore on their foreheads pictures of the sexual organs. That was some god that was—but he had his day, just like the rest of them. The funny part of old Ishwar is that the priests resurrected him and now give him to us as the Heavenly Father, whose overshadowing of the wife of a Syrian Jew, caused her to give birth to what we now have as the christian god—old Yahveh.

Came then more gods in this ghastly procession. Baal-zebum, the Sun of Righteousness, changes himself into Beelzebub the devil, but at the same time this god-devil is worshipped by the Jewish faith as Jehovah. Funny isn't it? Then they resurrect old Ishwar again and he becomes the son of himself. Siva they now call him. Later the Christian gets him once more and this time he is Alpha and Omega. Then the great Serpent of Wisdom comes along, but his

time is short-lived for Chrishna puts him out of his misery in Ceylon. But this fellow comes back again however as the Spirit of Light to some, and as Satan to others. Then we have Agni, the sacred fire. This fellow undergoes a metamorphosis and he becomes the owner and operator of the christian hell. Mithra then comes into the limelight, and from this old fellow the Catholic obtains his "mitre." It's funny at that how, since Mithra, Satan and Beelzebub are the same thing, The Pope wears on his holy head a mitre which is the personal emblem of the devil himself. However, the procession of gods hasn't even started yet, so let's rush through and pick out a few of the best of them—just for curiosity. And perhaps enlightenment.

The next character we have is Ishtar—the wife of the devil. This lady has several names. Astarte is one—the Queen of Heaven. But she goes down into hell also and after that she becomes the wife of Adam—his first wife that is. Lilith they call her. Now we run into a whole gang of these old "gods" and from here on please notice that everyone of them or rather most of them were crucified. Usually they had a miraculous divine birth, they mostly were born of a virgin, they mostly all came back from the dead. A full and complete list of these next fellows can be obtained from Kersey Graves' brilliant work "*The World's 16 Crucified Saviors*." I am quoting the next 16 names from this book. This wonderful book may be obtained from Brentano's, New York. It is published by the Truthseeker Co., 49 Vesey St., New York. Get that book. It's a dandy. And it will give you more light on the story of religion than any book you have ever read. You will never find a parson or a priest recommending that book. But then, I try to be honest, and I always recommend any book which I think will help people to get their eyes opened to the bunkum they are believing in today.

In 1200 B. C. the wonderful Chrishna was crucified. In passing may I say that had there never been any Chrishna, there never would been any Christ, for the Christ story is the Chrishna story over and over again. That is where it had its origin. But the church, whether "holy" or profane, will not tell you that. I will. Then again in the 600's B. C. another God called Sakia was crucified. I can see now though that

it is going to take too much space to give all these old gods, so on second thought I won't do it. You get Mr. Graves' book if you want to see them all. The point is that they all fell just like old "yah-veh" is falling. And none too soon to suit us. For when that fellow passes out of the picture, then perhaps the world, not having any pagan god left, will finally find the real Life Spirit as he actually exists here and now. What a joy that will be. How the heavens will ring with Hallelujahs when all the pagan gods have gone and when the mighty Living God comes into His own. And never fear—that day is coming.

I think perhaps that old Yah-veh, the present christian god, is about the biggest blunder the "church" has ever gotten hold of. For in tracing back the records of the rest of the "gods" I fail to find one as inhuman, as deceitful, as murderous as this present old fellow "yah-veh." And believe me folks he's a dandy. Listen to a few of the things he did. Then use your head and your reason before you ever go into another church to "worship" him. In the first place he made the first man out of spit and mud. He made the first woman out of the rib of a man. Before all this however, he made light, he made the sky, he made the sun, etc., and, vain old fellow, he looked at it all and said he certainly had done a good job. He said "It's good." (The story is anyhow.) Then, after all this labor, he decided he wanted a rest, so he took the seventh day off, and you and I, 6000 years later are supposed to do the same thing. Here in Moscow the churches raised Cain because the picture show opened up on Sunday night by permission of the city council. Every other city around here has its shows open every Sunday night, and people leave Moscow and go out of town to see them. But in godly Moscow, the churches (some of them) protested to the city council against this terrible desecration of the sabbath day. Notwithstanding the fact that in every city in America the shows open on Sunday, this place must not have them. It's terrible—a picture show opening on Sunday night. Let me interpolate here long enough to say to any community which is preacher-ridden, that if you can't get people into your church on what you have to offer, you will never force them through legislation to go—I promise you that. And don't blame the

other fellow if he can provide on Sunday night, something pleasurable and interesting which you, with your pagan god cannot provide. But don't hold the city back and make it a laughing stock of the whole world just because you think that people should patronise the performance you give. That's too pagan for America today.

But to get back to "Yah-veh" for that's the most interesting fairy-story I have ever written about. Here we have him resting on the seventh day. I didn't know a god could get tired. But evidently there is a lot I don't know about old "Yah-veh." There's a whole lot I do know about him too, by the way. However, at this point, old "Yah-veh" sets the stage for the most colossal murder the world has ever seen. Knowing full well that the creation would have to be all destroyed again, even though he did say it was "good," old "Yah-veh" flies into a terrible passion, and drowns nearly all of his creation like rats in a trap. Horrible—but only on a par with what has happened amongst the Yah-veh worshippers up until 200 years ago. Hard facts these—but facts nevertheless. In other words, Yah-veh set a trap for those he had made, and then, when in the trap, he drowned them all out. Men, women, and even innocent little children—all came under the terrible temper of "yah-veh." And it sort of makes my blood run cold as I think of the sweet little ball of humanity in my own home, and then picture thousands of such helpless creatures, drowning to death in the swirling waters, and all on account of the temper of god—Yah-veh that is. The church will tell me that it doesn't believe that any more. All right—if it doesn't believe that, *then it has no god left, for the church god is Yahveh—the old tribal god of the Jews and never was anything else.* And all the Cadman's and all the Fosdicks, and all the Poling's in existence cannot argue with me here. The church God is Yah-veh. It never was anything else than Yah-veh. There never was any change of gods on the part of the church, and the bible, the christian text-book, teaches *only one god—Yah-veh.* Now get around that, Mr. Churchmember.

Not content, however, with this wholesale drowning, god then puts a curse on all the animals. Certainly they didn't have anything to do with working the old fellow up into a rage. But they came under the

curse just the same. The plants too. They came under this terrible curse pronounced by the church god on the whole earth. What a pity. Some of the beautiful plants might not be poisonous now had it not been for that curse. But to proceed, here is poor old Adam, and his forlorn wife, Mrs. Adam—or Eva. Suddenly stripped by god of all their cherished possessions. What a calamity, so they seek solace in each other's arms. They bear two sons (by natural means—not spit and mud). At which Yah-veh immediately institutes the "collection" idea. He demands a tithe or a sacrifice. Also a part of the animals Abel raised and the growth from the soil that Cain raised. Finally Cain kills Abel, following in the footsteps of old Yah-veh again. In the meantime Cain slides off into the land of Nod and gets married. Where he got his wife from is not plain as there is no record of anyone having been in existence in the land of Nod—they were *all* drowned off the face of the earth. Maybe there were some left on the back or the side of the earth. Never can tell what will happen when dealing with old Yah-veh. In fact the more one traces the actions of Yah-veh, the more does one become convinced of his utter disregard for the truth, his vengefulness towards his own created beings, his ruthless murdering qualifications, and his lust for blood. Lot's wife wants naturally to take one last fond glance at her home, and Yah-veh instantly kills her. But only a little while later he shuts his eyes to a monstrous act of incest, although shortly before he had destroyed several towns for the same crime. (Consistency—thou art a jewel.)

Then deceitful old Yah-veh helps Jacob cheat his brother—a dirty trick, and then he makes a bet with the Devil that Job will be more faithful to him than to this same Devil. What a story. But I won't go any further. The old Testament story is so corrupt and so rotten that I don't want to publish any more of it in this magazine. Suffice it to say that the followers of "Yah-veh" have ever run true to form. We find them still running true to form in the American post-office I just mentioned. We found them running true to form when the Holy Inquisition was in existence. We found them running true to form in our own fair land when they placed a rope

around Garrison's neck. We found them running true to form when Calvin and the Wesleys sanctioned the burning to death of the "heretics." We especially found John Calvin running true to form at the burning of Servetus. This man, who should have been honored with a monument, made the statement, quoting Ptolmey, the historian, that the land of Judea was a barren wilderness, whereas the Holy Scriptures stated this same land flowed with milk and honey. A blind man could see that Judea was a barren wilderness, but just the same, at the instigation of John Calvin, running true to form, and a founder of the present Yah-veh worshipping organization called the church, they piled green fagots under Servetus, and for two hours slowly toasted him to death. The night air was made horrible as the screams of this martyr rent the same stillness of the same night, lit only with the cruel "christian" flames. And finally, in his agony of torment, Servetus pleaded with Calvin and the rest of them in the name of their common god to pile on the green fagots and end his awful agony. This is not church history, my friends—it's history. You can read it as well as I can. However—the god didn't come to the aid of Servetus, probably he was sitting up in the skies licking his chops as he has often done in past drownings and murderings, as the horrifying death-screams penetrated right into his heart. Some god this church god "Yah-veh" is, and no mistake. When he sells people on his system of religion he sells them good and plenty.

But down through the ages there has ever followed a trail of blood and crime in the wake of the followers of the church god Yah-veh. The trouble with people today is that they won't think. They won't draw a perfect historical picture of what the church and Yah-veh have meant to the world. But Sunday after Sunday, these poor, innocent dupes will sit in their churches, listening to someone prate and prattle about something they know nothing about. They will listen to the parson or priest extol the bounties and wonders of their god—but they will not tell their congregation the facts as they know them to exist. I have a letter in my possession from the secretary of an organization headed by Cadman, Fosdick, Poling and others. This letter is one of the most incriminatory docu-

ments I have ever read. It's so full of dynamite that you may depend upon it, I am guarding it very carefully. It tells the true inside story of the church, and how it is bamboozling its poor dupes. And remember, at the top of the stationery this letter is written on, are to be found the names of the men I have mentioned above. Let me quote a sentence from this wonderful document. Here it is:—"The churches need to be dynamited out of their smugness and hypocrisy, and I admire your courage in going after them. *The priests know the truth but they will not permit the people to know it. When people know the truth they will not bow down and worship the church and they will not support it either.* The churches give superstition to the masses and they hold them down in fear."

That letter came to me from the secretary of an organization that has at its head some of the best-known spiritual? leaders and followers of Yah-veh in America. Don't tell me that I don't know what I am talking about. A Roman Catholic priest told me not a year ago that the Roman church was prepared to propagate its doctrines at the point of the sword, and would do so some day right here in America. He also told me that this fair land was in the grip of the Roman church and didn't know it. And judging from the experience in the large eastern postoffice—I think maybe he is correct. Get on the job, Masons—don't be fraternising with the enemy.

This article has to stop or there won't be room for it in this issue of the magazine. I just want to say in closing, however, that this church structure with its pagan "Yah-veh" is, in my opinion, and this opinion is based on history, the greatest blight this country has ever seen. That's plain talking. That's what I mean. It's in a dying condition today, fighting among itself. It knows that its pagan doctrines don't work. But it isn't honest enough to come out and say so. It is worshipping Yah-veh, the old mythical tribal god of the Jews, and never did it worship anything else. And every preacher next Sunday that talks about the virgin birth of Christ, the Atonement, the

resurrection, the doctrine of the Trinity, the doctrine of damnation and salvation, is telling his congregation something as false as hell, and I can prove to the satisfaction of any unbiased mind that it is just that and no more. And yet hundreds of thousands of our good citizens will parade to church next Sunday to listen to the greatest bunch of hooey ever released by anyone. And history bears me out. The god of the church—old "Yah-veh" never did exist and the church knows he never existed. But it won't tell you that. However—with the last drop of blood in my body, and with all the brain power and intelligence and force in my make-up, I will fight the damnable thing until it has no place in the lives of American citizenry. I am sometimes asked, "Are you not afraid?" No, I am not afraid. For the church hasn't a leg to stand on. I haven't left it one single thing that it can prove is true and correct. The Stokes trial proved that. And the great university which was to be built there as a monument to orthodoxy never has been built and never will be built. No—it takes more courage, but never have I been afraid. Religion and God is absolutely barred in the constitution of this country. And it will take a change in the constitution before the church or anyone else can put their foot down on me. But that is not the way to look at it, however. I am not opposing the church as such, I am only opposing it on account of the pagan doctrine it teaches. You and I want the truth. And that is all I am trying to do. I am honest enough and fearless enough to drag into the limelight all the dirty skeletons the church keeps hidden in its cupboard. I know those skeletons are there. And I'm going to take them by the nap of the neck and pull them out where all can see them. And we'll see how much the church has to stand on before we get through. When that day comes, and when this pagan thing is destroyed, then we will give to the world a revelation from the real God. And we have one to give. But we are not going to give it until such time as this heathen church structure with its pagan "Yah-veh" is once and forever out of the picture.

A membership in the "BROTHERHOOD" keeps you abreast of the times in the realm of religion.

LIFE AND DEATH

From time immemorial there has existed, there must have existed, all through this and whatever other universes there may be—*life*. It is the answer to every problem. It is at the end of every rainbow. Whence it came—no one as yet knows. But we know it is here and we know that every hope, every happiness, every heart desire is wrapped up in that thing called *life*. To obtain this life thing eternally—to live for ever is the secret longing of every created man and woman. No one wants to die. Jesus Christ said the "last enemy to be destroyed is death."

Superstitious and heathen religions, like the Christian religion, for it is a heathen religion to millions of those of differing beliefs, would have us believe that thing called life is given to us for only a spell here. Seventy or eighty years—maybe less—and then the grim reaper shoves his sickle down into the "ripened harvest" and gathers the golden grain to be stored in the "heavenly father's" barn. Usually up in the sky somewhere. In days gone by, people have swallowed that line of chatter, and from these pagan teachings has arisen a belief that "heaven and hell" will surely answer the question. These good brothers and sisters tell us that there must be a supreme and "divine" power which will look after our future welfare, provided, however, that we comply with the tenets of this or that particular church system.

Those following my writings however know that I have pretty well exploded such ideas as that. They know their origin, and they also know that there can never be even a grain of truth in such foolish and "dark-age" teachings. I suppose these teachings were quite necessary however in the upward evolution of man, and as ever, "a remnant will remain" which for some time yet will believe that "salvation" and "heaven and hell" answer the question. But happily it is only a remnant that so believes. We hope they find such beliefs satisfying in the extreme. To thousands of my students, however, "heaven" and "hell" do not answer the question. Nor does the theory of "salvation or damnation" for we have very effectively gone to the bottom of such foolish theories, and have traced them to their

source and have very effectively blown them out of the water for many thousands of people.

For death—kills life. It is the enemy of life, and I am of the opinion that once dead, it may be a long time before we ever "come alive" again—if indeed we ever do. This thing called death is absolutely foreign to every plan of nature there could be. It spoils everything. It is not natural—nor is it necessary at all. It is the one fly in the otherwise perfect ointment. It terrifies. It halts ambition. It frightens tens of thousands. It puzzles the scientists and the theologians also. The latter group, however, not being honest, attempt to ease and salve their consciences and fears by telling us that after we die we shall all rise again—that is, 144,000 of us only. These 144,000 are to be the only "saved" brethren from out the whole earth. And so, these malingerers, sticking close to their church affiliations, and making a good easy living without working, attempt to tell us that if we "fall asleep in Jesus" we shall never need to fear. On the "other side" all will be well. But as I say, such a thing only satisfies a superstitious and heathen mind. It does not and cannot satisfy the mind of a thinker. And we try to think. I may be crazy, but I have never yet been able to reconcile the fact of the existence of death with the beauty of this earthly life. I just don't seem to be able to do it. I know death is wrong. I know it is unnatural. I know it spoils life. I know that it adds uncertainty to life, and I know that it leaves the whole created scheme in a turmoil. It interferes with life—therefore it is an imposter. It kills the most marvellous thing ever put on the earth—man. Therefore it is essentially wrong. And if it is essentially wrong—it is absolutely unnecessary. We may not understand yet, just how or why it came, but I do not believe the fact that death exists to be an argument that it always must exist.

The secret of life lies in the life itself. There is no use of looking either in the sky for an answer, or in looking to a resurrection for an answer. For these things cannot be proven. And besides, it is contrary to all reason to think that such things could

be. And anything contrary to reason is not true. So we must look to the *life* itself for the answer. And this brings us back to the essence of all life. Some call it the "cosmic energy." Others call it something else. But all are agreed I think that primarily it had its origin outside of a man's physical being. It must have had. There must have been a time when life came into the physical forms. If not, then it must have been generated in the physical form. And if that be a fact, then eternal life, or living forever, can still be generated in the same physical forms. Perhaps that is so.

At any rate, it is to this same Life Principle or Life Spirit that I look for the answer to the problem of death. It's strange that we must look to life for the answer to death—but this we must do. And, personally, I am convinced that life, and nothing else, will answer the death problem for us. Also I am convinced that mankind is on the verge of finding out just where this delicate connection lies. For I repeat—I do not consider death, disease, illness, suffering at all natural. They spoil everything. Nor do I believe that death came about as a natural thing. It probably came about from an idea planted in the minds of some people by some foolish religionist. It may have come through an expectancy of it. It may have come through a not complete understanding of the law of *life*. But it came from somewhere. And I shall try and send it back to the somewhere from whence it came. For we don't want it. It's the biggest curse, if I may use that word here, that the world has ever known. And it is not natural. The prating priests and pious parsons tell us that death is a perfectly natural thing, and they assume the office of mediator if you please between God and man. They tell us that their holy office will take care of our "eternal life" if we will but "support" their crowd of religion-peddlers.

But in the first place there is no known authority for such a statement. They make the statement themselves and ask you and I to believe it. But you and I know that they are making false claims when they make such foolish and unprovable statements. The church knows no more about eternal life than does John Smith or Jack Jones. And when they say they do, they lie. When these parsons and priests tell us that the "way of eternal life" has been given

into their hands, they lie. When they tell us that eating a cookie and drinking a sip of wine is acceptable to God, they lie. When they tell us that the Bible is the "word of God," they lie. When they tell us that they are "agents of God," they lie. In fact the close observer, the student, and the thinker know that they lie in about everything they do. They know nothing about this *life* question, nor are they interested in finding out about it. All they want is a pagan superstition which they foist off on us in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ, and, sitting on their fat haunches, they are content to drift and let others drift into eternity, without an intelligent hope of any sort.

All that, of course, does not interest me. I believe that the preaching peasant of Palestine, that *man* Jesus—saw the light. And He really saw it. But no one else saw it at that time. And his message was not accepted. The church tells us they crucified him. But in passing may I say that two of the most authentic of the "church fathers," and two who were more responsible for the "Bible" than any other two men ever living, seriously disputed that fact. They claim that He died in bed at a ripe old age. And that is probably far closer to the truth than the other story. There were too many "crucified Christs" long before His time for the story to be true. However, this Galilean Carpenter saw the truth—but He himself died. He saw wherein the answer lies. He tried to tell it. He did tell it. But He was laughed to scorn. I don't want to go any further into the subject here and now, for in the future I shall make a revolutionary statement, and prove it, along this line. Let me leave with you all the thought, though, that the secret of eternal life is to be found here on this earth. It will be found in the very life we now manifest. I believe that certain men are working round the problem, and I believe it to be an absolute certainty that before many more decades have passed, the secret of both *life* and its sinister enemy *death* will be fully revealed.

And the simplicity of it all may, and probably will shock and terrify a lot of people. In the meantime, let me ask every reader to get into their minds the idea that *they might not die*. I shall give some more space to this subject later.

WALKING WITH GOD

"And He walks with me—and He talks with me—and He tells me I am His own. And the joys we share, as we tarry there, *none other* has ever known."—Quoted.

The above beautiful lines give me a suggestion or two, so I will pass the thoughts on to you. Whenever you and I can grasp the fact of the presence of the Living God—and whenever we can grasp that presence to such an extent that we *know* He walks with us and talks with us—then the sky is the limit as far as the blessings and power of God goes. In my large course of instruction in one of the lessons, I promise the students that I will show them how to literally talk with God. Naturally that promise makes them open their eyes in anticipation, and when they do learn the way, oh how happy many of them get. They are so filled with God, some of them, that they sit down and write me and tell me they can hardly keep from shouting out loud. And that's quite natural, I think.

Speaking personally, I know that I should hate to walk alone certainly. In fact, I can't walk alone. I have been so used to leaning on the arm of God that I sort of automatically look for it to support me. This is not to be taken to mean that I am in any way a weakling, for I can fight like a madman for God if I have to, but it just simply means that I have discovered the source of my strength, and am too wise to try to do anything without that mighty power. And so "He walks with me." Perhaps the hymn-writer would have been nearer the truth had he said "And I walk with Him" for the fact of communion with God is entirely and altogether dependent upon our ability or willingness to walk with Him. It is *not* a case of His walking with us at all. For He is here—but it *is* a case of our walking with Him sure enough.

And then the talking to God. "He talks with me." When you are walking and talking with anyone, there is certainly a feeling of rapport. It is companionship this walking and talking together. This simple telling to each other of the thoughts that are uppermost in ones mind. It's a beautiful thing, I tell you, to be able to do that. To walk and talk with God. Not

of course the old murdering "Yah-veh" of the church—but God—as He actually exists—removed a million miles from the god the church teaches. However, I suppose we should be as charitable as possible with the church, although often when I read the truths of it and see what it actually is, it's pretty hard for me to hold myself; especially when I realize the empty sham and hollowness of ever attempting to believe in a pagan god that never had any existence at all. But time will remedy all that, though. And so, in this fight for the truths of God, we "walk with Him and we talk with Him"—and the peace and the victory from the spiritual realm comes to us.

In my home there are two children. Little Alf, who is eight years of age. Then there is a new one, she came about six months ago. And with the two of them I am made very happy. Every so often I put little Alfie in the car with me, and we just go out through the beautiful country. And on these occasions, I say to Alf: "Have you got anything to tell Daddy, Alf?" And if he has, why he just simply naturally tells me everything on his little mind. And he gets the benefit of the mature father's experience and help. That is a picture of the soul walking and talking with God. They move along together—and if good friends they go hand in hand. And then they tell each other what is nearest to their hearts. For they both are interested in each other—just like little Alfie and myself.

The little six-month-old Florence is not old enough yet, of course, to hold any conversation with me. But she has perfect confidence—and when I take the little mass in my arms, there is no fear there—just a wonderful smile. And so—until she is able to tell me what she wants or needs, I shall anticipate these things, and before she asks they will be provided. That's the way with God. Before we ask He answers. And the reason He does is because *all* has already been provided in the wonderful storehouse of God's bounty. And it isn't a case of asking at all—it's just simply a case of "taking." No matter what it may be. Health, success, peace, happiness—all these things have already been given to us. When

we "walk with Him and talk with Him" we shall know that—for He will tell us that we are His own. And, when we recognize that fact, a time of peace comes. A time comes when we realize the futility of struggling for this and struggling for that. We just rest completely at ease in the absolute knowledge that He is our own. And when we are His—we own the world. What a beautiful thing it would be if those who are spending so much time in a useless effort to "contact the subconscious" would learn the secret of His presence. When I was going through theological school, we had a very wonderful instructor there. One of the most serene and peaceful characters we have ever seen. And that is remarkable when one considers that the only god he knew about was old "Yah-veh." But Dr. McNicol was and still is a very beautiful character. Never have I seen this sweet man upset. Which only goes to prove that God

lives and God responds even though the seeking soul be seeking in the wrong direction—or looking to a heathen God. So absolutely sure is the God-Law that even when the Law is complied with, it automatically responds, even though one may not even know where the power comes from nor who God is. For this reason a supposed infidel may be a great saint.

This is my little thought this morning. Just the simple, quiet communication with the mighty Maker of the Universe. Walks with me—talks with me—tells me I am His own. That is the secret of the Living God. No pious priests or prating parsons are necessary for this communion. No church houses nor hair-brained evangelists with their sawdust trails and their fat bank accounts. No—none of that—just you and God—which means just you—and the whole universe—do you see it?

A BITTER PILL

After one of our radio lectures recently, in which lecture we did not mince any words at all, the owner of the station over which we broadcast received a letter from a good lady not so far from here. She lives in Colfax, Wash., to be precise about it. Well—this good lady stated in her letter that it was a terrible thing to have a man like me on the air—just simply terrible. "Why," she wrote, "that man doesn't believe in the Bible—here I've been—all my life training my sons to be god-fearing christian young men—and all my efforts are blasted by one radio address from that terrible man from Moscow." Such letters are few and far between, and the owners of the stations from which we broadcast invariably turn the letters over to us. I had a notion to write this good sister but what's the use—you can't change that sort of a woman—for she is so soaked in superstition that she will die in it. There is no use of my wasting time in trying to convert someone who is not open to see the *truth* as there are too many who *are* willing to listen. There is a point in that letter though which is interesting, to be sure. The lady herself wanted to immediately tune me out but the sons and the husband wouldn't lis-

ten to it, and so I stayed—a very unwelcome guest in that home that evening. If I remember correctly, I stated over the air that I had absolutely no quarrel with those who chose to believe that a few scores of skeletons clambered through six feet of earth out of their graves in the dead and putrefying condition they must have been in—no quarrel at all. I stated further that I also had no quarrel with those who wished to believe that the Christ cursed the fig-tree for not bringing forth fruit out of season and therefore in violation of all known law. I stated again that I had no quarrel with those who believed that the mighty Maker of this universe, He by whose mighty hand yon planets were flung into space and continued to revolve in space with unerring precision, ever sent an "angel" whatever that may be down to the wife of a Syrian Jew who later became the mother of at least six children, to tell her that she would be with child without having had any assistance from the husband or from any male—this child to be at the same time God—a one-third of God—and a human being. I stated over the air that as far as I was concerned those who chose to believe that sort of twaddle were wel-

come to it—I didn't want it. And the funny part of it is, that the sons and husband of this good Colfax lady saw the truth in one radio lecture, whereas she had been all her life trying to have these boys believe an utterly impossible and false story, against their own better judgment. And it was quite natural for these boys to give her the horse laugh. Now I would not have it understood that I ridicule any mother's efforts to train her sons to be honest and upright to the best of her ability and according to the light she has. My own sweet mother trained me that way, and every night saw me down on my knees praying to "an unknown god." Now I don't pray to any God but just live in the power of the only true God there is—the God of this universe, which God, by the way, did not originate either in an old extinct volcano, nor in the womb of the wife of a Syrian Jew. I respect, I repeat, every effort of every so-called "christian" mother to have her boys and girls trust in God. But I am bitterly opposed to the false, pagan, mythical, superstitious teachings which are foisted on the people and peddled by the "church" as being the true religion when as a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind—and I can prove it. To any minister, priest, rabbi, or sanctified "christian" in existence. In fact, and according to the rules of evidence, such a claim falls without the need of refutation because of the fact that there is utterly no evidence in support or proof of such an asinine story. There are of course arguments galore, but I am talking about evidence, and arguments are not permitted in law until the evidence is all in. Furthermore, the more usual and unnatural a story is, the more evidence of its truth should be submitted. If I made the statement to you that last night I ate my dinner in the Davenport Hotel in Spokane, the statement would not be questioned, for it would be a reasonable thing to do. Consequently there would be no need of introducing evidence in proof of my statement. It would be at once believed. But were I to make the statement that last night I jumped out of my room on the eleventh floor of the same hotel, landing on my head on the sidewalk, and never even bending a hair, *that* story would have to be accompanied by an overwhelming mass of corroborative evidence that

such story was a fact. Otherwise it would not be believed—and rightly so. And the same thing applies with this cock-and-bull story the church would have us believe. It is against all reasoning to suppose that such impossible stories ever happened, and the burden of proof of such stories is not on my head by any means—it is on the heads of those bringing to me such impossible yarns. And I do not believe them. Nor does anyone else who has the will and capacity to think. And so—this "church" structure should be in a position to show absolutely, and beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt that what it tells us on the improbable and unusual order at least *might* be true. And this it cannot do. For if I ask the church for even one little scintilla of evidence that God either wrote the Bible or caused it to be written, this church must say to me that such evidence is not to be had. Not arguments remember—but evidence. If I ask it for the original MSS. covering these holy inspirations, the church must say to me that such originals do *not* exist. And if I ask them what they have to support their far-stretched theory of God, they must say that all they ever had was copies—all the originals being lost. And if I dig a little further into the matter and ask them when and where these "copies" came from, the church must tell me that it does not know. And if I ask them whether or not these copies were signed and dated, the church must reply that they were not. It must also admit that it neither knows who wrote them nor who found them. The only thing it has to go on is the fact (?) that nearly two hundred years *after* the time of Christ, hundreds of old manuscripts came into the possession of the church, and no one knows where they came from and no one knows where nor by whom they were written. Think of it—two hundred years almost after the birth of Christ—and then no authentic evidence to show what they were. And if I ask the church on what premise it bases its arguments that these old writings were the divinely inspired word of God, the church, if honest, and I somehow or other believe it to be that, must answer that a few men started a "canon" of scripture, and as councils, etc., *voted* upon the admissibility or inadmissibility of these old writings, they were or were not added to the "canon" thus

becoming part of the so-called "word of god." The very moment a bunch of these old bishops, etc., said, usually after a fight, that *this Mss. or that Mss.* was "canonical," it immediately became part of the "inspired word of God." And upon such arguments as that are you and I asked to depend for our hope of eternal life, salvation, and every thing else. If, however, I ask the church whether or not it is known that either Matthew, Mark, Luke or John wrote any of the gospels as we have them today, the church must reply—"No—we do *not* definitely know who wrote them." And if I again ask the church whether or not it is a fact that we have four gospels because animals have four legs, the church must answer, "Yes, Dr. Robinson—we're sorry to have to admit it—but it *is* a fact." And then again if I ask the church whether or not it be a fact that a lot of these old *Mss.* were not admitted to the sacred "canon" because the "elders and bishops" said that people might not believe them, the church must answer that it is a fact. And so I could go on indefinitely. But the point I make is this—this church never had the slightest iota of *evidence* that its story is other than pagan superstition and allegory. Of course, the church says, "Well—that may be all so—we may not have any direct evidence—but still we choose to believe it." And that's exactly where the church and I part company. I do not believe it, and furthermore I can *prove the whole story to be utterly false and pagan in its entirety.* For I know that such a god as the church preaches never did exist. And I know something else, too—I know that there is a real *God who does exist* and who can do what the church would like to have its God do—but cannot. You see, my friends, by the interpolation of a pagan and untrue book and story on the minds of the people, the church is unwittingly, maybe, blinding their eyes to the facts of God as He actually exists. For the church does not know and has never known anything about the real God of this universe. It can tell us a lot about old "Yah-veh" of the Jews, but not a thing can it tell us the mighty power existent *now.* And so I don't feel too badly when these good sisters write to some of the radio stations over which I speak. It's a blow to them all right, but they had better face the truth fearlessly. Either the

Bible is the divinely inspired word of God or it is not, and it is up to us to find out which. For, as Moody said, either it's all the word of God or none of it is. Well—Brother Moody—let me say to you wherever you may be, that it *is not the word of God—never was the word of god and never will be the word of God.* Jesus himself said, "Ye search the scriptures," etc., and they even in that day couldn't find God through the Bible, so how are you and I going to find Him? My friends, there was one *man* who lived 2000 years ago who knew the truth. Many suspect it today, but He knew it. And let me say to you that anything the church has to offer us, even though they quote Christ, is a million miles from the truth of God for the church has never yet been willing to fire out of its doctrines the asinine "virgin-birth," etc. And until it does that, it will wallow in pagan superstition and totally miss the *truth* as we of "PSYCHIANA" *know it exists.*

OLD PRAYER FOUND IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

Give me a good digestion, Lord
 And also something to digest,
 Give me a healthy body, Lord,
 With sense to keep it at its best.
 Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
 To keep the good and pure in sight,
 Which, seeing sin, is not appalled
 But finds a way to set it right.
 Give me a mind that is not bored,
 That does not whimper, whine or
 sigh,
 Don't let me worry overmuch
 About the fussy thing called "I."
 Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
 Give me the grace to see a joke,
 To get some happiness in life
 And pass it on to other folk.

—Contributed.

STUDY FOR THE DEGREE

of Doctor Psychology (Ps.D.), Doctor of Metaphysics, (Ms.D.) or Doctor of Divinity (D.D.) by correspondence in the quiet of your own home. Write for further information.

THE COLLEGE OF DIVINE METAPHYSICS, Inc.
 Dept. Pa. Denison Hotel Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS CHRISTLESS WORLD

A letter comes in this morning from a student in Los Angeles. She states that at times she comes so close to Christ that she is prostrated before him, and she takes issue with me in my beliefs that Christ was not "divine." Many people make a mistake at just this point and perhaps I can enlighten them a little as to the source of their power and their moments of ecstasy. I have never been quite able to understand why these moments of spiritual enlightenment should be credited to Christ, when we know for a positive fact that if he ever lived at all, he died and was buried many long years ago. Nor did he ever rise from the tomb. Nor was he ever the "triune god;" nor was he ever any part of the "trinity" unless we all are parts of this mythical "trinity."

This attributing of these moments of spiritual exhilaration to Christ is probably but one bad result of the teaching of the Christian church, whose story of the Christ—the trinity—and other marvelous things is but a system of theology which never was more nor less than a steal from Buddhism and many other systems of religion. And all of them antedate the time of Christ by a long time. The words "Christ" and "Chrishna" and the Greek God "Chrest" are all derived from the same root, and if one reads the stories of these, and many other heathen gods, one finds that practically everything the Bible tells us about Christ can be also told, and in fact is told of every other crucified savior the world has had to date. And there have been many of them, but this fact has been very carefully concealed by the priests and preachers from the "laity." I often wonder what would happen if the differing religious organizations would only be honest with their followers and tell them the truth. But they won't do this because if they did the church would blow up overnight. And the members would be mighty wrathful at having been fooled for so long, and it might not be so good for these heathen organizations. For this is all they are. The story of Christ is founded in its entirety on other similar stories, which were in existence and which were believed by far more people than

have ever believed the Christian Bible story. And the most amazing thing about it all is, that every outstanding feature of the Jesus story is literally duplicated in other religions existing a long time before either Christ or Christianity was ever heard of. Every reader of this magazine can take it from me as an absolute fact, that there is more known forgery in the Bible than any book that ever came from a printing press. There is more error, more falsity, more fraud connected with the Bible and the Christian religion than has ever been connected with any other system of religion extant. And this can be easily proven.

No thinking mind, who has studied the subject at all, can ever believe in either the Bible or what it teaches, and those who cannot give a reason for believing what they believe are worse than sheep. Their reason has been so stultified that they are content to believe a pure and simple cock-and-bull story, which was absolutely pagan and heathen in its origin. No progression along spiritual lines will ever be made by such people, however. And the amazing thing to me is that so many people have believed it for so long a time. The fact of the matter is, though, that they are honest. They cannot conceive for a moment that the ministers would fool them, and so they have considered the story, no matter how unreasonable or impossible, to be true just because the church and the prating priests and pious parsons have so. And thus hath it ever been. But these days are drawing to a close. Reason is rapidly supplanting blind and pagan belief. I shall at some future time devote a part of this magazine to the publication of impossible Bible stories, and I shall attempt to show every month, some monstrosity of "sacred lore." It will be quite interesting, for although few of my students and followers believe the Bible story, yet there are some like the good lady whose letter lies before me, who actually believe in the "divinity" of Christ. They believe that he died on the cross—they believe that he rose from the dead—they believe that he ascended into heaven. And what I propose to do is to show these good folks the rotten fraud connected with

such a teaching. The fact that it is a religious organization that puts it out makes no difference at all. The greatest frauds ever perpetrated on the human race have been perpetrated by "religious" organizations. Even the old epileptic apostle Paul blatantly stated that he came to the people with lies and deceit and caught them with guile. And he sure did. And so are also the thousands of religious fakers in the churches today doing the same thing. But their reign is at an end. People are thinking and investigating, and in passing let me say once more to my students and followers that the church, both Catholic and Protestant, is handing out the greatest piece of religious humbuggery and poppy-cock ever given to anyone—and the chances are many to one that they know it.

There are of course some of them who may believe the insane heathen story, but those few have neither the faculty nor the willingness to be honest, and rather than listen to reason and be honest with themselves and everybody else, they choose to stultify their consciences and continue to tell the people a story which they must know is as false as hell itself is false.

No angel ever appeared to the wife of a Syrian Jew telling her that she would have a baby without the help of a man. Jesus Christ was *not* born in that manner. Nor did the great intelligence—the mighty Maker of this universe, ever lie in a stable with cows and sheep and horses around him—a bawling piece of humanity. Not that. Nor did any "angels" ever appear to a bunch of old sheep-herders on the plain and tell them that a baby which was the Eternal God had just been born and lay in a manger somewhere. All the heathen religions have this story. It certainly is not original with the Bible but is a steal from other systems of religion—and very pagan systems at that.

Jesus Christ was *not* nailed to a cross of wood, nor did the sun darken itself, nor did a dove come out of "heaven." Nor did the bodies of the sleeping "saints" arise through six feet of earth and, in their dead and putrifying condition walk around amongst the people of Jerusalem. The church's "saint-mill" hadn't been established yet so this could not possibly have happened. Nor did Jesus Christ ever come back to life again after having been murdered and

buried. These things did not happen certainly. And I can prove by the rules of authentic *evidence* that they did not happen. I can very easily prove that the entire story is a copy of a far older system of *heathen* religion. I can prove that not a single thing ever claimed about the Christ and his divinity, but what can be claimed for a dozen other of the world's crucified saviors. This will make hard reading for the "orthodox" I know. But they might just as well know the truth from my pen as from anyone else's pen. They will invariably find it out anyhow, and they themselves are mystified at the church's very evident failure to accomplish anything worth-while. So they might just as well know that their whole structure is founded on a cock-and-bull story that can very easily be proven just that. I think many of them suspect it anyhow—and now they can know it. For I am making no statements that are not true. Neither am I making any statements which I cannot prove. I am not arguing nor debating with the church—I am exposing it. And they don't like it. But there is nothing they can do about it at all. For over the radio, through this magazine, and through my articles in other magazines, and through my books, I am telling the true story of what the Bible and the church actually is—and the story shocks them—as it should.

Think of it—for 1800 years the church has waxed fat on the greatest piece of religious poppy-cock ever foisted on the human race. And their followers are numbered by the millions. Over in Rome the pope sits there surrounded by his millions, and through this country the Protestant churches are milking the people for money to pay the salaries of their "saints" and to build new churches with. And the poor gullible public, who either cannot or will not think for itself, pays the bill, hoping against a vain hope that some day, by some hook or crook, they will, on the teachings of the church, enter the pearly gates and be forever with the angels and the harps and the rest of it. Well—they will never save their souls nor their bodies either on anything the church has to offer them—I'll promise them that.

But the question may arise as to just how so many people could be affiliated with the differing churches, if their teaching is

heathen and untrue. Well, as I just stated, the people are honest. They are trusting. They are superstitious. And all a man has to do is to put on a skirt like a woman—wear his collar backwards, hang a cross around his neck—and tell people that he represents god—and they'll follow that fellow by the thousand. Or a woman also—she can get by with it and get the money, too. All owing to the honesty of the people. God help the churches though when the people find them out.

When you remember that about one hundred years ago, only that long, the angel Moroni came down from heaven to New York State, and told Joseph Smith that God wanted him to start a new religion, you will see how easy it is to fool the people. Not all of them, and not all the time—but enough of them. For it is not much over one hundred years since Brother Angel Moroni did this very thing. Came right down to New York State to visit another "he-angel," Brother Joseph Smith. American history of course will make no official notification of this wonderful happening—but he came just the same—and sacred literature will record it in the same manner in which the Bible story was recorded. What did Brother Moroni do?—why didn't you know—he told Brother Smith to go out in the back yard under a tree and dig. He told him that if he did this he would find a big book with leaves of gold, whose golden leaves were covered with strange heiroglyphics. He informed Smith that if he could not decipher the heavenly message, all he had to do was to look under the book and there he would find a pair of specs which, if he put on his nose, would make the reading of this golden message very easy.

So old Smithy carted the book he had found and the specs into the kitchen, put a screen around himself, and did as old Moroni (they should have called him Bologni) told him to do. After this heavenly task was finished, Brother Bologni took the book and the specs, and, spreading and flapping his wings for a long trip, flew out of Smithy's kitchen, through the interstellar spaces a thousand times colder than ice, on the first lap of his journey back to heaven again. Of course he can't possibly have gotten there yet, and will still be travelling for millions of years weighted down with

that book and the specs—but he'll get there all right. No doubt about that. Now if some of my readers doubt the truth of that story, all you have to do is to buy a copy of the "Book of Mormon" for that is what was written on those pages of gold. To repeat, American history will not record this sacred happening—but it happened just the same—and if you don't believe that it happened, just ask any one of 600,000 Mormons.

But that's only half the story. A few years later, back to Palmyra, New York, came St. Peter, James, John, with a few more of the heavenly host, and then and there they baptized both old Smithy and his side-kick Oliver Cowdry (Bulldrey) into the Ancient and Accepted Order of Melchizedek—of which Jesus Christ himself was the president and founder. And this all happened about 100 years ago, and in Palmyra, New York, and in the United States of America. So you see the day of miracles is not yet over. No sir. It's remarkable what god can still do; that is old "Yah-veh" of the Jews. But all sarcasm and joking to one side; you and I know that this thing did *not* happen. No thinking man believes for a moment that it did happen. But mark me well here please—*six hundred thousand Mormons are pinning their hopes of heaven on the presumption that such a cock-and-bull story is true.* And if six hundred thousand Mormons pin their faith on such a happening one hundred years ago right here in America, is it hard to believe that a few millions will pin their faith on the Bible story which is supposed to have happened 2000 years ago? If people are so foolish and superstitious that today—in the 20th century, they will believe a fraudulent, impossible yarn like that—is there any reason why they should not believe the "Jesus" yarn, which yarn happened (?) about 2000 years ago?

Not at all. For one story is as impossible as the other one. And you may believe me when I say that neither of them are other than heathen and pagan lies, and any structure founded upon such stories as that, is a heathen and pagan structure. I don't care whether or not it tells us it is "Christian"—that means nothing to me. Nor does it make it so. If the Joseph Smith story is untrue—and we know it is—then also is the Jesus story untrue also. And you may depend upon it, that as Pliny, Tacitus, Jo-

sephus, authentic historians who were living at the time of Christ and who record practically everything that actually happened in that very country, made no mention of these impossible Jesus yarns, so neither will those who are now penning American history, make any reference to the equally false and forged Mormon yarn.

I mention this Mormon fabrication only to show you how easy it is to get people off at a tangent where "supernaturally-revealed religion" is concerned. But the time is here when someone must mount the platform and tell people the truth about the lies and fraud of what has been handed to them as the "Christian religion." For if ever there were a heathen religion, then Christianity is just that. If Chrishna was a myth, then so is Christ a myth. If Osiris, and all of the other crucified "saviors" were myths, then so is Christ a myth. For the one story is founded on the other. And this I can prove before any fair-minded state supreme court, and according to the rules of evidence.

All of which, of course, leaves us without a Christ. And there is no need of one. Personally I believe Christ lived. I believe him to have had a spiritual revelation far ahead of his time. But I do *not* believe the pagan stories told about him. That man *knew God*—and in knowing *God* he was able to give the world truths that it never has grasped as yet. And had it not been for the activities of the murdering church, this world would be a mighty different place to live in than it is now, I assure you. But the very structure which crucified Christ, is the self-same structure that is now operating in our midst as the "Christian" church. And it would crucify me too if it dared. But it doesn't dare.

There has never been any need for any man or god-man to come between God and man. The insertion of such a mediator makes null and void the power of God. For ones eyes are put on something or someone that never lived, and such an one is getting the credit for what rightfully belongs to

the mighty Life Spirit behind this created scheme of things. There is where the trouble lies. And this lady student of mine, who has had certainly contacts with God, is trying to lay these contacts to Jesus Christ, when as a matter of fact it is certainly quite debatable whether or not such a one ever lived. But if he did live, he certainly was no other than a human being. And this throws us right back on *God Himself*—where we should always be. For outside of every system of religion which has a man-god at its head—outside of all that—there lives and reigns supreme the mighty Master Mind of the universe, whose power very few know. And the next system of religion will worship G-O-D and will get the results without the aid of any mythical Joseph Smith, or Oliver Cowdrey, or Jesus Christ, or Chrishna, or Buddha, or any of the rest of the "god-men." For they are all pagan myths, and the sooner discarded the better. For when men and women are left with no Christs, no Smiths, no popes, no men-gods of any kind, they will very soon find the *real God as He exists*.

There is no more cruel affront to the mind of a child than to tell him that he is "born in sin and shapen in iniquity; that there is no hope for him outside of the shed blood of Jesus Christ." Such a doctrine as that can do only one thing, if believed. It can effectively blight the whole future of the child taught it.

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will clear up for its students many of life's problems.

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MAKE SURE YOU KNOW YOUR OWN MIND BEFORE YOU ANSWER!

GENERAL D. MAC ARTHUR SPEAKS

General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the Army, said in a letter recently that open opposition by clergymen to bearing arms in wartime "apparently stamps these clergymen as leading exponents of law violation at individual pleasure. The general said that the question of war and peace rested with Congress. Thus, he said, a "declaration of war voiced the will of the people."

"That men who wear the cloth of the church should openly defend repudiation of the laws of the land—seems almost unbelievable," he said. Not at all General: for if you will trace the history of "the cloth" you will find that it has ever been the most flagrant of law violators. When it comes to a case of burning others alive at the stake, the "cloth" is right there, but when it comes to defense of their own country, then they balk.

The article entitled "*Peaceful Parsons*" which appeared in this magazine a few issues ago, caused consternation in the ranks of the "clergy," as it was intended to. But the editor of this magazine is sick at heart over the rotten hypocrisy of "the cloth" and those who follow it. They claim to be the purveyors of the truths of God, and at the same time they know nothing about Him at all. The only god they know is old "Yah-veh," who spoke to Moses in the burning bush, and who struck dead over 50,000 people for looking into the "ark." The only god they know is a pagan monster who never had any existence at all. And yet Sunday after Sunday will this group of hypocrites, most of whom are too lazy to work and make an honest living, stand up and tell you and I (maybe you but not I) that the mighty immutable power behind this universe came down in the human form of a Syrian Jew to save you and I from our sins. And we believe them—not. For centuries now this parasitical organization called the church has masqueraded under the false cloak of "god" and has inflicted its pagan and impossible dogmas on the people of this fair land. But no more—for men and women are thinking today, and weighing the impossible stories in the light of common sense and reason, they are one by one fast going

into the discard where they rightfully belong.

As we said in our article "*Peaceful Parsons*," however, if this country has war forced upon it, about half an inch of a good sharp pointed or saw-toothed bayonet inserted in the proper part of "peaceful parson's" anatomy, will probably make them change their minds; so General MacArthur—don't worry too much about these Yah-veh mongers in time of war. Probably they wouldn't be of much use to you anyway.

THIS SCHOOL O. K.

Many of our students have written us asking our opinion of the College of Divine Metaphysics, Indianapolis, Ind., and have asked advice from us regarding the teachings of this college. This magazine is quite familiar with the entire curriculum of the school. Dr. Woodfin, its president, very kindly sent to us everything the school teaches, and we went carefully over the entire studies.

As the title of the institution implies, its teachings are entirely metaphysical. The metaphysical interpretation of the scriptures is most enlightening, and the editor of this magazine was richly rewarded in studying these teachings. I was unable to find anything in the teachings which I do not believe. In fact, I found, as I usually do in the teachings of "the other fellow," several points which I was happy to know, and which I had not perhaps seen as clearly as I might have seen them before.

We make it a point not to recommend any school or course through the pages of this magazine. If we did that, we would be kept busy a great deal of the time in discussing this "other fellow." In this case, however, and to be perfectly honest with both ourselves and the school in question, we shall state that any course studied by any student of ours, and coming from the College of Divine Metaphysics, we consider very worth-while and very enlightening. The metaphysical realm is a big one, and it is a realm which most people must go through before they are equipped to begin the study of the realm "beyond metaphysics." From the information at hand, and from a study of the teachings of this school, we feel that it will be a mighty big help to anyone desiring help along metaphysical lines.

GROWING FAST

My readers know by this time the story of the launching of this magazine. I recently told them how, within 30 days of the day I made up my mind to issue it, the magazine was on the press with a goodly supply of material and ads. in it. We were happy indeed at the initial response and we are much happier now. For the circulation of this magazine has tripled in the first sixty days of its existence and if we are any judge at all, it bids fair to go into the hundreds of thousands in short order.

This will not hurt our feelings any too much for it taxes our mental and spiritual capacity to keep apace with the growth of this new teaching. The editor of this magazine is answering daily scores of letters from his students all over the world. He is writing every article appearing in this magazine. He is writing for other magazines. He is lecturing over the radio. He is endeavoring to finish another book, and between naps is trying to keep up on his studies and his reading. And you can imagine it's quite a large job.

We are opening up offices in some of the larger cities and as soon as possible we intend to have a "PSYCHIANA" Branch in every city of any importance in the country. In Boston Dr. E. M. Howard is in charge of the office, which is located at 85 Mountfort St. In Chicago we have Dr. F. W. Ackerman, who is located at 3070 Lincoln Ave. There are several others too, and as rapidly as possible we are expanding our activities and getting ready for the universal demand there will probably be when our teaching becomes better known. There are and every student of "PSYCHIANA." May I also many other plans being made which will interest every seeker after the truth, suggest that when you have read your copy of this magazine, you pass it on to a neighbor or friend. A very fine orthodox christian and a wonderful fellow dropped into the office to see us today, and we succeeded in showing him and convincing him that the bible story of the virgin birth—the crucifixion—the resurrection, etc., was but a copy of many other heathen religions which were in existence long before either Christ or christianity were ever heard of. We showed him that Pliny, Josephus, Tacitus, authentic historians of that day and age,

while recording with accuracy the historical happenings of that very country, did not even mention any of the marvelous supposed happenings at the death and resurrection of the Christ. And we argued that this being a fact, the only conclusion to be drawn was that such things never happened. He saw it at once. "Well—this is certainly a new and unknown teaching you have here," he said. "Unknown—yes—new—no," was our reply. The world did not grasp the message of the Christ we told him, and this man left our office absolutely astounded. "You have a herculean task ahead of you," he said. "Yes—we have," we replied, "but we also have a herculean power with us." As we grow, we want the best wishes and the kindest thoughts of everyone. We know our students think that way of us. There are those who are receiving this magazine, however, who are not our students, and we want them to travel right along with us and help us all they can.

We are prepared and equipped to handle the entire thing quite alone if we have to—and we may have to—but if those of our friends will just pass this magazine along—if they don't want to keep it—the magazine itself will win its way round the whole globe. You mark what I now tell you.

NOT BLUFFING

The founder of "PSYCHIANA" and the editor of this magazine has never been accused of being a bluffer—especially by those who know him. He neither gives nor takes a bluff. He means business. Recently the head of a certain ministerial association called up a certain party well acquainted with our activities, and asked this party if he really thought we believed what we taught, or whether or not we were just out after the money. He also asked the question as to whether or not we really meant business or were just "bluffing." The gentleman replied to the head of this ministerial association that if he thought we were bluffing he had never made a bigger mistake in his life. This man was advised to get on the defensive at once, as he would either have to prove his stand or we would disprove it.

No—we are not bluffing and neither are we doing this for money. Any reasoning mind will know that it is necessary to make a charge in this material age for what we

have to give—or quit. We cannot do business on wind and neither can we allow anyone to "tithe" to support this work. A charge will always be made for our writings until such time as we are one of the leading religious organizations in this country, and even then the work will have to be on an entirely self-supporting basis. From our earliest childhood we instinctively knew that the story as told us by our parents was *not* the truth. We gave this story every chance to prove itself. We gave the god of the Bible every chance to prove himself, too—and he utterly failed. So utterly did he fail that we began to doubt the existence of this god, and we turned our efforts to investigations concerning him. And what an eye-opener we got. I will not go into that in detail here any more than to say that if I have brains at all, any intelligence at all, any reasoning mind at all, no such god as the church teaches—old "Yah-veh"—ever did exist. I had proven that, then I began to look around for some other sort of a God, for there was that in my make-up which insisted on knowing the truth about God. And there are millions like me, too. Naturally, I found the Law or the God behind this scheme of things, and since one year ago about, I have been able to send my teachings into 67 different countries—and the church in its palmiest days never had a record like that. We haven't gotten off to a good start yet, either—and while we know we have a hard row to hoe, at the same time we know how to handle the hoe, and we happen to be so constituted that we thrive on work and opposition, etc., and when the fighting gets the thickest, that's just the time that we can demonstrate a little of the power of the *true God* up against the shallow and hollow sham of the false God. No—Mr. Ministerial Association—we are not bluffing at all. You will shortly see some of our lectures all over the country, and you had better get your big guns trained on us now—if you have anything larger than a pea-shooter—for you will need them all. This is not written in a spirit of braggadocio at all—it is written because it happens to be the truth. I am just as convinced as I sit here writing this, that men and women are ready for just such an expose of the church and religion as I am giving it. Either I am right or wrong. If I am right—all the churches

between here and Halifax won't be able to upset me. If I am wrong—then I won't need the church to upset me for I shall blow up myself. But don't hold your breath until I do blow up—will you?

Take this little magazine. In Chicago the newsstand handling it sold out inside of a week and we could not supply any more. In Boston the same thing. Thirty days from the date of first issue the circulation had doubled, and inside of 60 days it had trebled. And we were completely sold out 15 days before this issue came from the press. Evidently we are telling the truth. Let it be borne in mind, however, that would the church heads get round a table with me and talk common-sense, I should never adopt these present methods. But if the church has ever been reasonable, then church history does not reveal the fact. It reveals the fact that such men as John Calvin, the Wesleys and other founders of our Protestant structure were not loath to the burning alive of them that would not accept their "phoney" doctrine—its Bible reveals how its "god" struck dead over 50,000 men for accidentally trying to look into the little wooden box in which "Yah-veh" lived—but there is no record of its ever having been willing to submit to investigation of its fundamental principles and beliefs. It has never been willing to have its "Bible" investigated. Such investigations however have been made—by many men, myself included—and you can believe me, my friends, when I say to you that there is absolutely no evidence to prove that the whole story is not a similar story to the one the Brahmans have, the one the Buddhists have, the one the Chinese have, etc., etc., ad infinitum. And all of these stories are of "superhuman" origin. Well, "superhuman" origin is only another way of saying "it's a darned lie." And this is the thing we are going to expose. Of course we are only one—against millions—but fortunately we know the power behind us, and our efforts, coupled with the efforts of similar souls all over the world, which souls are rapidly awakening to the True Light, I prophesy that as a result of our humble efforts—the very gates of the church will be exploded. You know, folks, there once, in Bible times, was a very large man. So large was he that he had the whole country buffaloed. He had them all scared.

But you will remember—if you know your Bible well, which you should—that a little boy with a little pebble brought to earth this mighty monster. So if I were the "church" I should begin to get my armaments ready, for I have a little pebble tucked away in my pocket, and "PSYCHIANA MONTHLY" is the sling—so look out unless you can prove your stand—and if you can't you might very easily follow the path of the Giant of Gath.

ROGER BABSON—CHECK

The following, entitled "*Something to Think About*," appeared in Babson's Reports, Nov. 10, 1930. The article is very significant coming from Mr. Babson:

"Recently I suggested that later the nations would recognize the economic value of accumulating spiritual wealth, but that they are not now in the mood to do so. Such a time may, however, be much nearer than I had thought. Apparently, people today are not only tired out physically, but are discouraged. They lack that faith which is essential to personal or national progress. Accompanying this lack of faith is a disrespect for law, order and experience. Children are self-sufficient of their parents; and parents are self-sufficient of their God. In fact, faith, to be effective, must be backed up by righteousness. Faith cannot be bought or quickly obtained when in trouble—like medicine. Faith must be acquired slowly, before it is needed—like education. Faith comes through patient devotion, right living and service to others.

"A great mass of wage workers, executives and young business people have never before witnessed a severe business depression. Ever since Germany declared war in 1914—with the exception of a very short readjustment period after the war ended—there has been a constant demand for labor.

"In view of the steady work and easy profits which the above described condition made possible, this new generation has felt sufficient in itself. Sabbath schools and churches have been neglected, family prayers have been given up, and Sunday has been made a common holiday. Hence, unlike previous generations, a large percentage of the people now unemployed, or losing money in business, have no faith upon which to fall back. When employed or making

money, they did nothing to store up spiritual reserves and hence have none to draw upon, now that employment and profits have vanished. As a result, great masses of people are discouraged and know not where to turn. The material wealth upon which they solely depended has gone. They have no spiritual wealth upon which to draw and they are tired out physically.

"What is true of individuals is also true of nations.

"People should understand that before prosperity can return there must be a renewed interest in the spiritual life by both individuals and nations. Nations should realize that the world has always possessed raw materials and labor; but has been prosperous only when the people have been actuated by a religious faith to use these resources for advancement and service. This is the law of life and now is the time when it should be taught in churches, schools and colleges. Think it over."—*Roger W. Babson, in Babson's Reports, Nov. 10, 1930.*

Your argument is fine, Mr. Babson, but it would be finer if you would tell us just what you mean by "faith" and just what we are to have "faith" in. If you can give to this world a tangible and intelligent groundwork in which to place our faith—well and good. But it seems to me quite useless to advocate "faith" and "righteousness" unless you tell us what to have faith in, and just what you mean by "righteousness." You further state "Sabbath schools and churches have been neglected, family prayers have been given up, and Sunday had been made a common holiday."

But have you ever stopped to think, Mr. Babson, whether or not the grounds of the "christian faith" are true or false? Perhaps if you did that you might gain some light on the question as to just *why* the Sabbath schools and churches are being neglected. The American people are fairly intelligent you know, and were there anything of a helpful or enlightening nature connected with either "church" or "Sabbath school" then surely the great American public would be very quick to grasp it—think you not? Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Babson, that the reason these religious organizations are so fast losing ground and being discarded, is because they are untrue in essence? Have you ever taken the time or the trouble to inquire whether or no this "christian

church structure" is teaching truth or error? And is it surprising that should the structure be found to be teaching error, that people are leaving it strictly alone?

The fact that the church itself tells you that its dogmas and doctrines are true does not make them so, Mr. Babson—and I am sure you would not have the church and the Sabbath school patronized if it were teaching untruth and error—would you, Mr. Babson? You must remember that when John Calvin was using his influence to hasten the burning to death of Michael Servetus, whom the "church" toasted over a slow fire for two hours, he really believed that he was "doing the will of god." As the awful, penetrating, agonizing shrieks coming from that charred body begged them to pile on the fagots and end the awful agony, you must remember, Mr. Babson, that these "holy-ghost church-members" who danced around in glee were those of the "faith." So I suggest, Mr. Babson, that you tell us just what is truth and faith, and I suggest further that you tell us that, after a fair and impartial investigation, you are convinced that the teachings of both the "Sabbath school" and the "church" are quite true and elevating, before you further attempt to prescribe a remedy for these conditions. Don't you think that would be a little more reasonable, Mr. Babson?

It might interest you to know, Mr. Babson, that there is more crime, bloodshed, murder, rape, witchcraft, etc., to the square inch in the bible than in any other book ever coming from the press of America. It might interest you further to know that there are many passages in that heathen relic which would not be allowed to go through the U. S. mail did they appear in any other book. And again it might interest you to know that there are more lies, deceit, forgeries, and palpable frauds in the bible than in any other book ever written, Mr. Babson—and I know that such a big man as you would not want your children or my children to go to a place where lies, etc., were taught. I know that. Nor, Mr. Babson, would you want your children or my children to listen to a story of god if such history were nothing more than utter fabrication, and a copy of the greatest heathen religious superstition in existence.

A lot of people will listen to what you had to say and still have to say on finance, Mr.

Babson, for you are presumed to be an authority along that line. But when it comes to advising people spiritually, Mr. Babson, don't you think you had better inform yourself a little before you attempt to advise along this line? There are men in existence, Mr. Babson, who have given a lifetime's study and thought to this religious problem. They have gone into it from every conceivable angle. They have waded deep into the bible waters, and have compared this whole "christian" structure with those of other, and heathen beliefs at that, and these men have found the bible and the christian religion to be nothing more nor less than an absolute steal from these other heathen systems of religion. You probably didn't know that, did you Mr. Babson—but that is a fact nevertheless.

You probably don't know that long before the time of Christ the world had seen 16 other crucified Christs—most of which were a combination of God and man, and most of which had a miraculous virgin birth, rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven. That probably is news to you, Mr. Babson. But it's the truth—and that's what makes it so valuable as news. So if I may be presumptuous enough to suggest it, Mr. Babson—I am going to suggest that you confine your advice strictly to financial problems. You will be believed in that line and your advice will probably be quite sound. But I cannot say that for your spiritual advice.

"Not yesterday's load we are called on to bear,

Nor the morrow's uncertain and shadowy care;

Why should we look forward or back with dismay?

Our needs, as our mercies, are but for the day.

One day at a time, and the day is His day.
He hath numbered its hours, though they haste or delay,

His grace is sufficient, we walk not alone,
As the day, so the strength that He giveth
His own.

—Contributed.



Questions & answers

Conducted by Dr. Frank B. Robinson.

A Mrs. W. E. Ford of California asks this. And I am glad she did:

"I have read *'America Awakening,' 'The God Nobody Knows,'* and have the first issue of *"PSYCHIANA" MONTHLY*. In the advertisement of your course you make the statement that the course is founded on the 'misunderstood sayings of the Carpenter.' Also that it has been spiritually received. In the monthly you make the statement that there is doubt that Jesus ever lived and you also make the same statement in your books. Now if he never lived on what is your course founded, and how can it be spiritually received?"

"I have derived a great amount of good from all of your literature, and eagerly await the next issue of the magazine."

ANSWER:—This lady must not make the mistake that thousands are daily making, and that is in thinking that it is necessary to pray to Christ and use Christ as a means of spiritual blessing. This is the greatest stumbling block in the path of the truth the world has ever seen. It is certainly debatable whether or not Christ ever lived, as there never was any authentic evidence that he did or did not live. The only evidence we have is the evidence of the bible, and that is not evidence at all, as its object is the propagation of the christian doctrine. And as such it is argument and not evidence. Personally I am convinced that this man Christ lived. There is no evidence of it, however—but I believe he did live. I do not believe he was different from any other man, except his abnormal sense of the spiritual truths of God. Men like him, and better men for that matter, have arisen both before and since his time, and there are lots of them on the earth right now. But up to this time never had man lived who had the spiritual vision he had. Of course the church crucified him—just like they would crucify me if they dared—and so his message was lost.

Now as to the spiritual inspiration of my course. It was received spiritually from GOD—not from Jesus Christ because Christ has been dead and buried a long time now, and as far as his active influence goes—it ceased when they buried him. So any inspiration I may receive does not come from Jesus Christ—it cannot come from him—but it *does* come from God himself—the mighty Life Spirit of the universe. There has never been any need of a "mediator" between God and man. That doctrine is older than the hills and is the basis of many heathen religions—like the christian religion. For all this religion is, is an absolute copy of the religion of India.

From Canada comes this one:

"Thank you for taking the time to answer my former letter, for I know it must have been a sacrifice of your valuable time. I have long since given up praying to any God in the sky, for I believe Him to be nearer to me than breathing. But I have many things to learn yet about God and I confess that I cannot understand your saying that there is no hereafter. I think that if you do away with the thought that man has an immortal soul, and that God has a place in heaven for us, that there is not much to live for. I know I have been here on the earth before and I believe in reincarnation. Jesus, his life and death is the greatest fact in history. Take this away and there is nothing left that I can see. Do you not believe that Paul met Jesus on the Damascus road? This I know to be a fact." There follows a little more of a personal nature.

ANSWER: You are a person who has been pretty thoroughly grounded in orthodox theology, and therefore the only thing you can see is the story as told to you since childhood. You have made some progress, however, in not believing that God is in the sky. But you have quite a long way further to go yet, my friend. If, as you say you know, God is closer to you than breathing, then what more can you ask? Why, if this be a fact, is it necessary for you to bring Jesus into the question so much? We know that Jesus died 2,000 years ago, and we know that He has never been heard from since. And if it be a fact that God is closer to you than breathing, then why worry about Jesus, who lived and died long before you were born? Of what possible benefit can that be to you? You may very safely forget, my sister, every theory and theological dogma and tradition in the world, for, with God closer to you than breathing, and He is, there can be no possible obstacle that you cannot overcome.

You say you *know* that you have been here on the earth before? No you don't know anything of the kind. You are off at a tangent here sure enough. You may *think* you have been here before, but you do *not* know that you have. However, if you were here before you know nothing of it, and if you ever come back again in any form, you certainly will never know that you were here before. I consider it a waste of valuable time to theorize on the doctrine of "re-incarnation." Personally I do not believe the doctrine. There is everything left even if one forgets all about Christ being a one-third part of God, which incidentally is an impossibility, and how can you say with God closer to you than

breathing, there is nothing left to live for? There's God left. Isn't He worth living for?

Once more. You say that you *know* it to be a fact that Paul met Jesus on the Damascus road and once more I tell you that you do *not* know any such a thing to be a fact. Paul never saw Jesus at all at any place nor at any time, and by the way, Paul's statement that he did, is the very thing which proves the doctrine of the resurrection to be not true. Paul could not possibly have seen Jesus Christ if the other parts of the bible are true. And if they are not true, then the supposition is that neither is the part in which Paul says he saw Jesus on the Damascus road true either. If one part of the bible is definitely proven untrue, then I do not care to accept any of it, for how can I know which is true and which is untrue?

Luke tells us that three days after the resurrection Jesus went up to heaven, but in the Acts of the Apostles, Jesus is still on the earth forty days later. And if he went into heaven as Luke's gospel states, then Paul did not see Him on the Damascus road. If I were you I would learn to keep so close to the "Father," as you call him, that all "sons" and all epileptic apostles would be completely forgotten. You will find in the Life Spirit all the joy you can stand, and when you once learn His secret, how foolish will Paul and all the rest of these old characters seem to you. The teachings of Moses, Paul, Peter, etc., are not necessary to your happiness today. All that is necessary is that you find and know the mighty Life Spirit, as He exists and operates here and now.

* * *

Another question comes from a northern city near here. "If Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden were spiritual beings, was the snake physical or spiritual also?"

ANSWER: If I were you I wouldn't put too much stock in the story of the Garden of Eden, for it is nothing more than an old Chaldean allegory and, like many other bible stories, never had any existence in fact. In this garden we have God and a talking snake, and a man and a woman. God spits on the ground, makes some mud, and fashions a man from the mud. Then He breathes into his nose the breath of life and then, instead of making the woman at the same time he made the man, this god makes the man go to sleep and takes a rib from his side, and changes that rib into a woman. I don't think I should believe that if I were you, sister. Your letter states that you believe the bible story absolutely. Well—If you do, about all I can say to you is that I feel sorry for anyone possessing a mentality which believes such twaddle as that story is. But go on believing it if you want to. In the meantime you, in your search for god, are depending on such stories as this one to help you find him. But you will go down to the tomb without any knowledge of God at all, for God, as He really exists, is certainly not the god the church or the bible teaches. This is the very thing I am fighting with all my might. I believed that story too for years, or thought I did. But when the marvelous light of the Living God broke on me, I saw how utterly asinine it was

to ever believe such childish and impossible stories as this one. The so-called church of Jesus Christ, however, would have you and I believe a yarn which is based in its entirety on such a story. For if you take away the Garden of Eden story from the present "christian" structure, you have positively nothing left. The whole story of Jesus Christ and the salvation or damnation of the entire human race stand or fall on this impossible story. If this story is not true, then neither is any of it true, for without this garden story with its "fall of man" there is no need of a savior. And once again let me call my readers' attention to this fact. If the Adam and talking snake of God stories in the bible are not true, then the whole "christian" scheme of salvation utterly falls. And this story is certainly *not* true and the whole "christian" theory of both God and salvation thereby fall. This is exactly what I contend. I claim that neither the doctrines of the church nor its "Yah-veh" have anything to do with this universe or with God as He actually exists. This one theme runs through "PSYCHIANA." You will find it permeating this magazine. It is in all my books. It is in my magazine articles, in fact, what I have set myself to do is to show the utter fallacy of believing anything the church tells us, if it is based on either the Garden of Eden story, or the god of the bible—old "Yah-veh," the Jewish tribal God. For this God is a heathen idol. Never did he exist. Never will he exist and we wouldn't want him if he did exist. What I am interested in are the actual *truths of the Living God*—and nothing more. For I am convinced that there is another God in existence which certainly is as far removed from the god of the bible as are the stars. This god the church knows nothing about at all. I'm trying to show the world just what this other God is. This is the message of "PSYCHIANA" and all I ask is that people just study it, give it a chance, and then see what happens in their lives. Mr. Housman's letter above is characteristic of every letter we receive, and besides that, we are daily proving the existence of the real God.

* * *

This question from New York City: "I have a book which states that Jesus was a member of the Essene Order, and that one of the Essenes actually saw his crucifixion. Have you seen that book and if so, what do you think of it?"

ANSWER: Not very much. I have sixteen copies of that book which have been sent to me by students, but I had it long before these came in. In the first place, the book does not claim to be a truthful account, for if you will look on the inside first page you will find these words: "A graphic and *apparently truthful* account, etc." Then again, the wording and phraseology of the book do not appeal to me, for it is entirely different from any other old writing I have ever read or seen. Then again there are many inconsistencies in the book, and while it may be a fact that Jesus Christ did not die on the cross at all, I still do not believe or put much stock in the book you mention. It may impress others differently, but it does not impress me as being true, and on this one fact alone more than on any other

fact I base my conclusion that the book may safely left alone.

There is not a shadow of doubt but what there was in existence an order called the *Essenes*, but there is no evidence that Jesus ever belonged to it at all.

* * *

Now this important question. Roman Catholics claim that the "mass" is offered to God as a mediatory existence, and that it is effective in securing the soul's future peace. What do you think of that?

ANSWER: No. The Roman Catholics do not claim exactly that, but you are close to it, and what they claim means about that. Well, I don't think such a doctrine is either scientific or sensible, and from what I know of God it certainly is quite useless. The thing is a part of the system of religion propagated by the Roman church and, like the Protestant church, I consider the Roman church a relic of the dark ages. I fail to see what effect on the mighty Life Spirit governing the universe, black robed priests peregrinating around amongst a bunch of candles can have. Those of us who have cracked through the theological shell know better than that, and while of course we are "heretic" and "infidel," at the same time we are abundantly able to demonstrate the mighty power of God—and this is something that neither Roman Catholic or Protestant can do. Their operations are concerned altogether in getting the money now, and promising you a home in "heaven." The God of "PSYCHIANA" on the other hand, operates *now*. He may operate in the future also, but if He does, then neither priests, popes, preachers, candles nor masses can have any possible effect on Him. You may safely discard all such teachings as that.

* * *

Walter A. Matthews, of Elmira, N. Y., writes a long letter which is too long to publish in full. He asks this question which we answer here: "Where is the *I am*?"

ANSWER: Well, Mr. Matthews—there isn't any *I am*. Notwithstanding the teachings of the gentleman you alluded to in your letter, you still admit that although those teachings were practically perfect, you still did not make the connection. And I promise you that as long as you are looking for the *I am* you never will. Any attempt on your part or mine to actually define God will be a useless attempt. Nor is it necessary to define Him. We know the results of the Law of God, but neither you nor I nor Dr. — has mentality enough to define God. And if this good doctor states that he has, he is mistaken or he is misleading you. I know for a positive fact, what definite results will follow definite rules in the spiritual realm. And I use the Laws and obtain the results. But for me to say that I can define or even understand God would be very far from the truth. I live in His actual presence. He never is away from me for a second. But I have never been able to define Him, and neither has any other living soul been able to even faintly grasp what a mighty Spirit is.

No wonder you didn't get to first base in your studies. What you are trying to do is to men-

tally comprehend God. Well, you might just as well forget it, for you never will any more than you will be able to understand electricity. You see the results but you do not know what it is. The *I am* you are so fond of talking about and which you are so futilely seeking, you will never find. It is the part of God about you which you never can understand, so you might just as well quit trying and get down to bedrock and live in the power of the mighty Life Spirit without trying to understand or define Him. That cannot be done. He is God—not man.

* * *

From Seattle, Wash., comes this letter from an earnest student of psychology:

"For years I have been very much interested in psychology, but of late so many courses seem to have sprung into existence that it is hard to know which one to follow. I am offered a free course of ten lessons in power, if I send in subscriptions to ——— magazine. The lessons are written by a Mr. ——. Do you know of this course and would you advise me to study it?"

Yes—we know of the course, or rather book, for that is what the course consists of. It is a paper covered pamphlet written by a practically unknown author, who is in the pay of the publishing house soliciting your subscription to their magazine. I do not recommend either the course or the magazine. Use your head, sister. You are old enough to know that you get nothing for nothing in this day and age, and if a "course" is offered you with a magazine subscription, it costs you nothing and therefore is worth exactly what it costs. Leave it alone—it will only muddle you up.

* * *

Now this one from a college student who happens to be unfortunate enough to be attending one of the few colleges where "behaviorism" is still taught as psychology. There are not many of these schools left now.

"I am a student of the University of ——. Our psychology professor teaches nothing but behaviorism, with which I cannot agree. He laughs at Psychology Magazine, and states that there is no such thing as the 'New Psychology.' I want to make my grade but cannot consistently accept this brand of psychology because my mind is against it. What shall I do?"

In the first place you should drop out of that class and substitute another line of studies for the now extinct teaching above referred to.

In the last issue of this magazine, an article appeared entitled "*Exit Behaviorism*," and we suggest that you read that article. I might state here that anyone teaching behaviorism is in no position to criticize Psychology Magazine, for that magazine is so far ahead of the behaviorist that there is no comparison between them. The teachings of those writing for Psychology Magazine are so much higher than the teachings of behaviorism that the latter teaching may be considered as only a kindergarten department, compared with a graduating class. We know the school you are attending and also know something of the man teaching behaviorism there. It might interest you to know that this man at heart is one of the most miserable men that ever lived.

He is wrong in his philosophy of life and knows that he is wrong, and isn't man enough to admit it.

We suggest that you secure a copy of "PSYCHIANA" MONTHLY containing our article and ask him if the statements made in the article are true or false. If he says they are false, you let me know and we'll put a stick of dynamite under that brother that will make him think twice before making another such statement. My suggestion to you is to get as far away from that brand of teaching as you possibly can, and forget all you have learned about it for, as Sir John Adams, the famous educator and psychologist, formerly of Harvard, says: "Behaviorism is good for animals and babies before the speaking period." You are neither of these.

* * *

From a little town in Oregon, near Portland, comes this letter:

"Some years ago my husband had a paralytic stroke, and one side of his face is screwed up. He is a sight to see, but has been that way for 16 years now. Can anything be done for us?"

Yes—there are a lot of things which can be done for you. Your husband, by the power of God, can have the palsied face normal again. You will remember that even, after the sun set, they brought to Jesus them that were afflicted with divers diseases, and—He healed them. Not just a few, but them all. And as the beautiful hymn says:

"Thy touch has still its ancient power,

No word from Thee can fruitless fall.

Hear—in this solemn evening hour,

And in Thy mercy—heal us all."

And that is my prayer for this good man down in Oregon. We happen to know this good man personally, and question very much whether he ever will be healed of his marred face. For he has no use for religion at all—he does not believe in the power of God, and once more I must reiterate that God's Laws and God's power work only when the faith is there. In fact faith and the Law of God may be called one and the same thing. Faith is one end of the thing, and the thing desired is the other end. And students of healing might get well what I shall say to them at this point. There can be no healing from God, without faith enough to bring the healing on the part of someone. Usually on the part of the afflicted though not always. A few months ago we were called out of town to see a young boy who had been given up by three physicians as a hopeless case of dropsy with complications.

Tears were running down the father's face, and our heart bled for the family. We went to the house and into the bedroom where the boy lay. Let it be remembered here once more that there was an all-consuming love for that family and that afflicted boy, and an intense longing stole over our soul to help him. We immediately brought the mighty power of God into play, and placing our hand on the boy's fevered brow we spoke direct to God and taking Him at His word, and knowing how the Law of God operates, we informed him that the morning would see him well. We asked the father to meet us at the hotel shortly before train time, which he did.

Tears were again streaming down his face, but this time they were tears of joy. On asking how the little fellow was, the father informed us that all swelling had gone down, and the boy was sitting up in bed reading the funny paper. He offered to pay us, which of course we did not accept, and we left for home again, telling the father to get the boy out of bed, dress him, and act as if there had been no sickness there at all. This he promised to do. But two days later we received a phone call to come back again. On asking what the trouble was we were informed that one of the physicians had dropped in that morning, and seeing the boy up and around had immediately ordered him to bed again, giving him a hypo and loudly berating the family for such foolishness.

The family obeyed the physician, and inside of a week the boy was dead. We do not blame the physician, because, in his ignorance of the mighty Laws of God, he did what he thought best to do. But his knowledge of healing was limited to the material, and the boy died. I mention this as bearing on the above case of the marred face, and only to show to what extent absolute trust in God enters into all these cases. I might have faith enough to remove mountains, but disbelief on the part of another, at the psychological moment, can undo all that God can do. This same doubt was just great enough to plunge this world into a physical condition from a spiritual condition, and if it could do that, away back yonder, then certainly it can be just as disastrous today. But where faith "as a grain of mustard-seed" is employed, marred faces, dropsy, heart trouble, and every other disease under the mighty power of God will disappear as if by magic. May God hasten the day in which this old world begins to actually believe in Him.

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